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From the Southern Literary Messenger.

THE SLEET STORM, AT WASHINGTON.

By the Author of 'Love at the Shrines' and 'Glances at Congress,' &c.

As I lay in my bed this morning I heard a low noise upon my windows, and extending my arm from beneath its folding of blankets, I drew aside the curtain, to see which of winter's messengers was summoning me to arise. Like a wild urchin scattering shot from his father's pouch, the delicate flakes of sleet tapped against the panes, and made music upon the brittle and responding surface. I was fairly awake. There was no sunlight in the skies, but a dull, heavy atmosphere fell over the face of nature, and veiled the distant houses in a dusky cloud. Still the spattering against the windows continued, and I answered the summons by a spring from my bed, and was soon equipped.

How cheerfully our hearth burns on a sleety morning, when the servant is industrious. You descend from the regions of Lapland, where furred wrappers and emined cloaks are necessary, into the region of delicious comfort.

The breakfast room is warm, and you meet your rosy child, with its rich cheeks crimsoned with health, who runs to you from her cricket by the fire, and presses her sweet warm cheek to yours. You take her in your arms, and both together gaze upon the whitened fields; and how the merry heart laughs, as she sees the old cow sliding down the hill, like a mahogany table—her four legs stiff as icicles. She chirps and laughs with delight, when a little boy catches the sliding old quadruped by the tail, and accompanies her on her slippery journey, until they arrive in safety at the bottom of the hill. The wiry, woolly dog has crept from his lair in an old basket, where he has slept all night, covered up in a green baize crumb-cloth which he has cabbaged, and he looks around him with a knowing eye as if he was considering his chance for an upset. He is a droll, sly and quaint chap, and though quite young, has his wits wonderfully developed.

The only place that he will stand a chance for a fall, will be the outside steps that descend to the kitchen. Bob, the ostler's, shoes, may have iced their angles, as he passed in from the stable.

No sun yet—and the clock is on the figure of nine. Is yonder white world of ice to stand all day long? The skies forbid.

How the urn smokes again, and the aroma of the coffee ascends in fragrant spires and pervades the room, as if the odor of some Deity descending from Olympus. The hot rolls melt the butter, as I hope the sunbeam, warm and vigorous, will ere long march over the stubborn ice, and conquer its huge surface with a smile.

The sleet hurries on apace from the near hanging clouds, and the very trees seem to shiver as the ice-bolt splinters about them. How gloriously will he unfold them, and cloak their dusky bark with an armor as pure as the crystal of the spring. Two months hence, and the buds will cluster upon those boughs, and the wild birds hide themselves in the fragrant leaves—the gentle breath of May will whisper to them, and the soft sun will rejoice amid their verdant foliage; but will they then wear an aspect so lovely as that with which they are now bedecked? Like ten thousand chandeliers of diamond spars flashing every ray from the light, the limbs throw out their glassy tracery upon the sky, and the wind that whistles through them, clatters them together with a soft and singular sound.

The grass is prouder to-day than it has been for a long and weary time—it is stiff in its conceit and should the old cow that slid down the hill just now, attempt to clip it, how it will pierce her nose with its sharp and beautiful spear. The grass is in its panoply of silver mail, and is ready to tilt against anything. Now it is more beautiful than the lily of the valley, and it lifts its head that the wind may tread over it and hear its mellow song.

The horses poke their bony heads out at the stable-door and sniff the cool air, and shake their trembling ears as the sleet darts between them. Armed with my cane, and wrapped in my coat, I step forth to dare the whistling messengers from the clouds. Whew! How they scatter themselves over my face and cut their horizontal way over the tips of my ears. I place my faithful cane carefully in the ice, else away I would dart and roll over, to the edification of every market-woman that might feel herself secure in woollen straps passed under the soles of her shoes.

Progressing along with all the apparent infirmity of age, though I am but in my younger youth, I reach at last the crowning point of my toil—to ascend that knoll on this side and descend it on the other, is like the passage of the Alps.

Warily my cane is placed, as if I trod upon the loftiest summit of Mont Blanc, and saw beneath me the deep glaciers wherein 'tis almost death to gaze; I stick the point of my square-toed boots into the ice and clamber up. The steep is won—but now for the descent. A wild boy on his skates dashes past me, and away he goes like a rail-car, down the steep; he has passed the fence corner, and the rogue has stopped on his iron heels, to watch the descent of Bonaparte. Lord how the wind whistles around me, and how smooth and clear looks the shining declivity—there is not the slightest shrub to break the monotonous frigidity of the view, nor the grateful furrow of a cartwheel, and down that inclined plane go I must. Shall I sit down and slide it out? The laughing eyes of the skater, peeping over the fence, forbids the idea. The work is commenced—the cane once more planted—the umbrella poised above my head; for the sleet storm is pouring upon us all in feathery glory, and I am off. It is in vain that I try the slide—

the equilibrium of my boyhood is gone, and the just precision of my eye, from want of practice, fails me at this momentous crisis. A ship—mercy—and all is over. My heels have kicked defiance to the clouds, and my head has smitten with an audacious force its mighty mother. The umbrella inflated with its own conceits has fluttered away, and is beyond my reach. But I am down, and the occasion is favorable. There is no bone broken, and away I go upon my back as gently as a sleigh spinning along with four in hand. I heard that wicked urchin's mirth as my heels slipped from under me, and as I glide majestically along, I hear his splintering approach—he shoots by me like an arrow, and a broad grin is upon his handsome face. He has my blessing, bright boy, and though I may stumble frequently in life, may thy course be as it was this morn, happy and secure. He brought me my umbrella, and has brushed the ice from my back.

As I wend up the avenue, hundreds of boys fly past me on their skates, for the pavements and roads are all covered with the ice. Here it is safer walking, for they have roughened the surface with their fluted irons, and I pace along as merry as the rest.

Like an alderman picking his way to a turtle dinner, see that solemn steed, how he minces his steps, and hear him how he snorts, as a flying skater, like a summer swallow-bird, flashes before his frost-webbed eyes, and his poor rider shakes his whip at the boy, who chuckles in his sleeve, and returns to the attack like a Bedouin Arab of the Desert.

The blacksmith's shop is crowded with company, and the beaded perspiration falls from his forehead and hisses on the glowing iron. The two white horses are to be frosted first, for they belong to Mr. —, and he wants them to pay a visit of some importance to the President. The blacksmith, with a nonchalant air, snatches up the huge foot of an honest cartman's horse, who earns his bread by his daily toil, and hammers away right merrily upon him. The white servant of the great man has to pocket the insult, but his turn will come next. Thanks, honest smith! The poor wood-carrier will bless you this night, when he pours his earnings into his wife's hand, and sends his eldest boy out to buy milk for the evening coffee.

I stand by a man who is digging lustily away at something beneath the sleet: chop—chop—chop—the ice breaks off in cakes, and he draws forth the last evening's paper. He will chop logic over the sage editorial; for bent must be on learning, that would thus stand in the shivering air, and pick two inches deep in ice for an evening's journal. The editor was highly complimented by the labor.

How the hours wear on—how slowly the hands point upon the face of my time-piece, and yet how swiftly do our thoughts mount upon the four winds, and seek the hearthstone scenes of our friends. Alas! that they are distant from us.

We hear the wind chuckling around the gable-ends of the houses, and almost screaming with delight, when it cuts a corpulent biped across the bridge of the nose with its icy sword.

The night draws on apace—slowly the curtain falls, and dim and indistinct sneak on the dying moments of the day—the grass has not bent an inch, and the tall trees shake their heads ominously, as much as to say, "We'll have a cold time of it out here to-night." Where are your elegant blankets that the gods have sent you?

Will the mice stir abroad to-night? The cat is rolled up in her night-clothes and purses away like an old crane spinning wool. The wiry-headed dog barks ever and anon in his sleep, for he is haunted by visions of sacked towns and dismantled larders.

Oh! how the wind bellows without—"discouraging most eloquent music." The shutters are fastened—the doors are not locked, for some sufferer may knock, and I would not deny him the comfort of my blazing fire. The curtains are not drawn down in such a night as this, for many a poor houseless wretch passing by and seeing all dark, would pass on, and he might find his bed in the deep hollow a few yards beyond my door.

The sleet day has ended in a cold and starry night. The fretted limbs are swaying about in the powerful blast, and as yet I have heard of no accidents. The boys could have met with none, for they were not forced to the deep waters for their skating frolic; and though they, doubtless, have had some delightful tumbles, they are none the worse for that. Fine fellows, how soon the skates are thrown aside, after their first appearance at the barber's.

And now it is growing late; the wand of Morpheus has been passed more than once across my eyes, as the nodding reader will have perceived, and once more I am permitted to snuff my bed-room candle, and don my nightcap.

Washington, Feb. 16, 1838.

THE NEWSPAPER.—A newspaper taken by a family seems to shed a gleam of intelligence around. It gives the children a taste for reading—it communicates all the important events which are passing in the busy world: it is a never-failing source of amusement, and furnishes a fund of instruction which will never be exhausted. Every family, however poor, if they wish to hold a place in the rank of intelligent beings, should take at least one newspaper. And the man, who possessed of property sufficient to make himself easy for life, and surrounded by children eager for knowledge, is instigated by the vile spirit of cupidity and neglects to subscribe to a newspaper, is deficient in the duties of a parent or a good citizen, and is deserving of the censure of his intelligent neighbors.

Practical Benevolence.—The editor of the Transcript tells a good story, to which he was personally a party, in order to illustrate the effects of practical benevolence. He was crossing to the corner of Hancock and Myrtle streets, at a time when the streets were flooded by a thaw, and suddenly encountered another gentleman on the centre of an ice bridge, over which but one person could pass at a time. To retreat was impossible, without plunging ankle deep in the water. The gentleman deliberately put his hand in his pocket, drew forth a cent, and exclaimed "Head or tail." "Tail," said the editor. "Tail it is," said the gentleman, and off he jumped into the water, and waded to the side walk, without giving the editor time to thank him for his courtesy.—*Viscon. Gazette.*

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACTS.

We earnestly invite public attention to the following appeal to American patriotism and love of country, and would suggest, as a compliment to its distinguished author, and the intrinsic merits of the piece, that our readers impress its lessons indelibly on their minds.—*E. N. Am.*

OUR COUNTRY.

BY JUDGE STORY.

When we reflect on what has been, what is, how is it possible not to feel a profound sense of the responsibilities of this republic to all future ages? What vast motives press upon us for lofty effort? What brilliant prospects invite our enthusiasm? What solemn warnings at once demand our vigilance, and moderate our confidence?

The old world has already revealed to us in its unsealed books, the beginning and end of all its marvellous struggles in the cause of liberty. Greece! lovely Greece! the land of scholars and the nurse of arms, where sister republics, in fair procession, chanted the praise of liberty and the good—where is she? For two thousand years the oppressors have bound her to the earth. Her arts are no more. The last sad relics of her temples are but the barracks of a ruthless soldiery; the fragments of her columns and palaces are in the dust, yet beautiful in ruins! She fell not when the mighty were upon her. Her sons were united at Thermopylae and Marathon, and the tide of her triumph rolled back upon the Hell-spont. She fell not by the hands of her own people. The man of Macedonia did not the work of destruction. It was already done by her own corruptions, banishments and dissensions.

Rome! republican Rome! whose eagles glared in the rising sun—where and what is she? The eternal city yet remains proud even in her desolation, noble in decline, venerable in the majesty of religion, and calm in the composure of death. The malaria has bit travelled in the parts won by the destroyer. More than eighteen centuries have mourned over the loss of the empire. A moral disease was upon her before Cæsar had passed the Rubicon, and Brutus did not restore her health by the deep probings of the senate chamber. The Goths, and Vandals, and Huns, the swarms of the north, completed only what was begun at home. Romans betrayed Rome. The legions were bought and sold, but the people paid the tribute money.

And where are the Republics of modern times which cluster around immortal Italy? Venice and Genoa exist but in name. The Alps, indeed, look down upon the brave and peaceful Swiss, in their native fastnesses; but the guaranty of their freedom is their weakness, and not their strength. The mountains are not easily retained. When the invader comes, he moves like an avalanche, carrying destruction in his path. The peasantry sink before him. The country, too, is too poor for plunder, and too rough for a valuable conquest. Nature presents her eternal barrier on every side, to check the wantonness of ambition. And Switzerland remains with her simple institutions, a military road to climates scarcely worth a permanent possession, and protected by the jealousy of her neighbors.

We stand the latest, and if we fall probably the last example of self-government by the people. We have begun it under circumstances of the most auspicious nature. We are in the vigor of youth. Our growth has never been checked by the oppression of tyranny. Our constituents have never been enfeebled by the vices or luxuries of the world.

Such as we are, we have been from the beginning; simple, hardy, intelligent, accustomed to self-government and self-respect. The Atlantic rolls between us and a formidable foe. Within our own territory, stretching through many degrees of latitude we have the choice of many products, and many means of independence. The government is mild. The press is free. Religion is free. Knowledge reaches, or may reach, every home. What fairer prospect of success could be presented?—what more is necessary than for the people to preserve what they themselves have created?

Already has the age caught the spirit of our institutions. It has ascended the Andes, and snuffed the breezes of both oceans. It has infused itself in the life-blood of Europe, and warmed the sunny plains of France, and the low lands of Holland. It has touched the philosophy of Germany and the North, and moving onward to the South, has opened to Greece the lesson of better days.

Can it be that America under such circumstances can betray herself?—That she is to be added to the catalogue of republics, the inscription upon whose ruin is, "they were, but they are not." Forbid it, my countrymen. Forbid it heaven.

I call upon you, FATHERS, by the shades of your ancestors, by the dear ashes which repose in this precious soil, by all you hope to be, resist every project of disunion; resist every attempt to fetter your conscience, or smother your Public Schools, or extinguish your system of Public Instruction.

I call upon you, MOTHERS, by that which never fails in woman, the love of your offspring, to teach them as they climb your knees, to lean on your bosoms, the blessings of liberty. Swear them at the altar, as with their baptismal vows to be true to their country and never forsake her.

I call upon you, YOUNG MEN, to remember whose sons you are, whose blood flows in your veins. Life can never be too short which brings nothing but disgrace and oppression. Death never comes too soon, if necessary, in defence of the liberties of our country.—*Balt. Monument.*

The tragedy of Othello was lately performed to the life, or rather to the death, in a small town in Italy. In the last scene, in which, according to the Italian version, the Moor consummates his vengeance by the dagger instead of the pillow, the actor approached the bed with the fatal instrument, made the stab, and a piercing shriek ensued; the blood flowed, and Desdemona expired in such frightful convulsions that the audience applauded to the skies. When the curtain dropped, the deed was found to have been too truly done, for the representative of the Venetian senator's daughter was found lifeless; the dagger having entered her heart. The actor was, in fact, a jealous lover, who had taken this opportunity to satisfy the violence of his evil passion. He had time to make his escape before the discovery.—*Alex. Gaz.*

EXCERPTS

From late foreign papers received at this office.

POPULAR PANICS.—It is astonishing, in this age of the diffusion of knowledge, how susceptible the public mind is of excitement on any topic, the principles of which do not lie absolutely on the surface of the most ordinary course of elementary education. It was only in the year 1832, that a general alarm spread throughout France, lest Biela's comet, in its progress through the solar system, should strike the earth; and the authorities in that country, with a view to tranquillise the public, induced M. Agrago, the astronomer royal, to publish an essay on comets, written in a familiar and intelligible style, to show the impossibility of such an event. Several panics in this country, connected with physical questions, have occurred within our memory. We had in London a "water panic," during which the public was persuaded that the water supplied to the metropolis was destructive to health and life. While this lasted, the papers teemed with announcements, of patent filtering machines; solar microscope makers displayed to the terrified Londoners troops of thousand-legged animals disporting in their daily beverage; publishers were busy with popular treatises on entomology, and the public was seized with a general hydrophobia. It was in vain that Brande analysed the water at the Royal Institution, and Faraday attempted to lecture London into its senses. Knowledge ceased to be power; philosophy lost its authority. Time was, however, more efficacious than science; and the paroxysms of the disease having passed through their appointed phases, the people were convalescent. We had, at another time, a panic against the atmospheric air, during which the inhabitants of the great metropolis (in a literal sense) scarcely dared to breathe. The combustion of coal was denounced as the great evil in this case. Calculations were circulated of the number of hundred cubic feet of sulphurous gas taken into the lungs of each adult inhabitant per annum. The properties of the carbonic acid were discussed behind counters; patent furnaces were plentifully invented and advertised for sale; and parliament was urged to pass a bill for the purification of the atmosphere, and to compel all who used fires to consume their own smoke. A few years ago the people of London were seized with a persuasion, that bakers used a poisonous substance to bleach the necessary articles of food which they manufactured, and forthwith a bread panic arose. A joint-stock digestive brown bread company was immediately formed. "Fancy Baker," a title previously assumed as a recommendation to their customers' favor, was painted over; brown loaves usurped the place of French rolls; and the lacquey, whose master adhered to his old taste in defiance of poison, as he sought for white loaves, hummed

"Tell me where is fancy bred?" At present the public has turned its attention to meteorology, and the causes which govern the changes of weather are the all-absorbing topic.—*Monthly Chronicle.*

"WHERE DO THE VOTERS COME FROM?"—The following facts give the answer: On Friday last two men walked into the office of the Commissioners of the Alms House, among other papers, when this dialogue ensued:

Com.—What do you want?
App.—I want to go by de Alms House.
2d App.—He is a poor old man and very much distressed.

Com.—Let him tell his own story.
App.—I vas by de Alms House four year gone.

Com.—What is your name?
App.—Nicholas Lutz.

Com.—Mr. Mann, turn to the books and see whether he ever was in the Alms House.

On examination it was found that he eloped in April, 1834, about election time.

Com.—How long have you been in this city, of late, and where did you come from?
App.—Six days Ichen been here, vrom Jarseys.

Com.—Have you voted since you came in?

App.—Oh, yav; and my son too; we voted de democratic ticket!

Com.—You were sent here for that purpose. Clear out both of you for Jersey as quick as possible, or we will have you arrested.

They departed in haste, looking behind to see whether there was an officer at their heels.

Then up steps a son of Erin.

Pat.—If your honors please, I am sick and in great trouble.

Com.—What do you want?

Pat.—I want some help, your honor, or to go to the hospital.

Com.—Where did you come from, and how long have you been here?

Pat.—Come from, did you say? sure and I come from Philadelphia, three days ago.

Com.—And you come here to vote, and get paid for it? Support yourself on the bribe you received.

Pat.—I vote? Sure and I have no right to.

Com.—I know you have no right, but, you rascal, I saw you in the fourth ward. Clear out from here.

Pat.—Saw me, your honor?—and off he went with rapid strides.

This is all simple fact—the reader may comment.—*N. Y. Weekly Whig.*

EDUCATION OF FEMALES.

There is a season when the youthful must cease to be young; and the beautiful to excite admiration: to learn how to grow old gracefully, is, perhaps, one of the rarest and most valuable arts that can be taught to woman. And, it must be confessed, it is a most severe trial for those women to lay down beauty, who have nothing else to take up. It is for this sober season of life that education should lay up its rich resources. However disregarded they may have been, they will be wanted now.

When admirers fall away, and flatterers become mute the mind will be driven to retire into itself, and if it find no entertainment at home, will be driven back again upon the world with increased force. Yet, forgetting this, do we not seem to educate our daughters exclusively for the transient period of youth? Do we not educate them for a crowd and not for themselves? for show and not for use? for time and not for eternity?

How to spell coffee without using a single letter in the word.—*Kaughpy!*

On Tuesday night last between midnight and daylight, twin infants, a boy and a girl,—apparently but a few hours old, were deposited in the stable of Mr. James L. Smith, living on the Hightower road to Nashville, some 7 or 8 miles from Franklin. They were carefully surrounded with all the gear and harness on the premises, evidently with a view to protect them from interruption. One was clothed in fine linen, while the other, less fortunate, was enveloped in a blanket. Tracks of two horses were discovered in the neighborhood, but search and investigation after the owners of the deposits as yet has been fruitless. Chubby, cheerful looking little creatures, the infants are said to be, rejoicing in the kind care of those upon whose generous charity they have been thus unexpectedly thrown. The old ladies of the neighborhood concur unanimously in the opinion, that they are likely, sprightly, and handsome enough to be the produce of old Williamson, but from the circumstances, incline to the belief that they are the stock of our sister county of Davidson. Often and over again have we expressed kind wishes to our married friends,—and hoped

"That heaven might bless their fire-side joys,
Nor leave them empty cradles,
But send them lots of girls and boys
To handle spoons and ladles."

We never anticipated, however, an increase after this fashion. "Responsibilities" come fast enough without throwing "doublets" at the doors of those who are yearly growing rich in the ties and pledges that bind them to home and to society. We know some good fellows to whom the little cares and little children that gradually grow up around the hearth-stone of wedded love's glad home, are an unfamiliar thing, who would gladly have received and rejoiced over such an acceptable God-send. They are however well provided for and tenderly treated; the boy being in the care of Mrs. McAlphin, and the girl in the care of Mrs. Smith, sr. We hope that efficient means will be taken to discover the inhuman parent who has so basely forgotten the better feelings of human nature as to abandon her helpless and unfortunate offspring to the probability of an untimely death. We can respect a mother's feelings: even when amidst sorrow and disgrace, she presses to her bosom with maternal tenderness the pledge of an illicit love; but when she exposes them thus rudely to the inclemency of the elements to die, or to the kindness of strangers, should they live, she fails in those high duties and true feelings of parental love that could alone redeem her from the disgraceful stigma that now rests upon her.

A SORCERER.—An extraordinary scene took place in the Central Criminal Court on Saturday night last. A woman, named Ryan, who has been long known as a pickpocket and shoplifter, was tried, together with her brother, for having picked the pocket of a widow in passing into the pit of the Pavilion theatre. A person belonging to the London-docks swore that he distinctly saw the woman put her hand into the widow's pocket, steal therefrom a quantity of copper, and give them to her brother; that he followed the widow into the pit, and asked her whether she had not been robbed; and that she replied, upon putting her hand into her pocket, that somebody had stolen all her halfpence. Mr. Charles Phillips addressed the jury for the prisoner, and in a very earnest manner submitted to the good sense and discrimination of the jury that the thing was quite impossible. The jury returned the compliment to their judgment by returning a verdict of Not Guilty. "Not Guilty!" cried the Common Sergeant, starting up in a state of great excitement! "Good God, not guilty! Gentlemen of the jury, you are under a spell. That man (pointing to Mr. Phillips) holds you under an enchantment. It is sorcery. It is the black art. I really do not know whether I am on my head or my heels. Why, that woman has been tried four times for robbery." The foreman of the jury said, "We know nothing of that, my lord." "Oh, good bye to you, Miss Ryan; you are the luckiest of women," said the Common Sergeant; "I wish you joy of your escape. Gentlemen, you are under a spell. It is, I must declare, nothing but sorcery." Mr. Phillips: "My lord, 'tis fortunate for me that I live in an enlightened age, or I'd be gibbeted for a conjuror upon your evidence!" [loud laughter.]—*London Morn. Chr.*

CATLIN'S GALLERY AT WASHINGTON.—Mr. Catlin is at Washington with his Indian Gallery. By the bye will not Congress purchase this superb collection? A perfect museum as it is, and historical epitome, which the adventurous traveller, and gifted artist and writer, has thus been enabled to embody of the Indian tribes. These great races of a fallen people are here represented in authentic and enduring memorials, and the splendid costumes, portraits, landscapes, sketches of customs, dances, &c., will be, into whatever hands they may hereafter fall, a perpetual monument to the industry and talent of the champion and historiographer of the aborigines, and the best sources of materials for all future historians to draw from. It is a National Gallery, collected by individual enterprise, and Congress ought to own it and place it forthwith in the capitol, while it is in the admirable state of preservation it is, and where it may stand for the examination and inspection of all as the memento (soon the only one it will be) of a great people, who have succumbed to the resistless tide of white civilization.—*N. Y. Star.*

From the late Foreign Journals.

A violent shock of an earthquake, the same, no doubt, as that on the same day at Odessa, was felt, at about half past 8 o'clock in the evening of the 22d January, at Kronstadt, in Transylvania. The damage done to a number of public and private buildings was considerable. Several hundred stacks of chimneys were thrown down, and whole houses were unroofed. The greater part of the inhabitants abandoned their residence, and rushed into the streets, expecting every moment that the town would experience the fate of Lisbon on the occasion of the earthquake of 1755. A similar shock of an earthquake was felt on the same day at Tartaria, where the church was completely destroyed, and the steeple thrown down.

A day or two since a gentleman picked up, for a few shillings, at a broker's shop in the neighborhood of the Seven Dials, an old painting, (a portrait), in a very dirty state, but otherwise in good preservation. The picture has since been cleaned, and discovered to be an original portrait of Titian (Vecelli) painted by himself. An offer of 250l. has been made for it by a nobleman.

Daniel O'Connell has been expelled by the Grand Lodge of Ireland, the ancient and loyal fraternity of Freemasons.